

fruit stand on the opposite corner. Rooney had been on this beat for nearly six months now and his chief work so far had consisted in "pulls" made as the result of street fights. Being naturally anxious to extend his field of conquest, he kept a sharp eye on the doings of the street. Just at present he was waiting for four o'clock to ring out from the chimes of Trinity, only a block or so away, for at that hour he was due at the tobacco shop of his friend, Denny Sullivan, which was just around the corner.

This Denny Sullivan was quite a character in his way. As his name indicates, he was "as Irish as the pigs of Drogheda," but had been forced to leave the "auld sod" by reason of his complicity in certain Fenian outrages. Coming to America with empty pockets, he had speedily received a job through the influence of "a frind on the fhorce." With the savings of a year he rented a small tobacco store, where fortune appeared to smile upon him, for in a short time he became the owner of the property, which in the meantime had become very popular among a certain class of sporting men. Every Friday night saw a spirited cock-fight or a "mill" between two local celebrities, in the little room to the back of the store.

All this had started in the good old days when, as the patrolman on the district remarked, he "couldn't squeeze a dollar out of the whole street for legitimate protection." All money at that time found its way into the pockets of the Precinct Captain.

With the advent of Rooney things changed. It was admitted everywhere that no man ever tried harder to build up his precinct than did Rooney. He gave out that parties wanting to do business there would do well to come to *him* first. In less than two months there were faro banks and opium joints in full swing, while at Denny Sullivan's they sold policy slips and ran a bunco joint that was a mine to the patrolman of the district.

When four o'clock at length sounded, Rooney casually picked his way round to Sullivan's, passed the big wooden Indian without as much as glancing at him, pushed open the door and entered.

Sullivan greeted Rooney with a hearty hand-clasp and conducted him to the little room behind the store. There, after chatting on the state of the weather, the condition of country, the next ball of the —th Ward Republican Club and various other matters, Rooney finally unbosomed himself in regard to business.